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DRAG 'N' WHEELS

NO.50 DEC. CDC

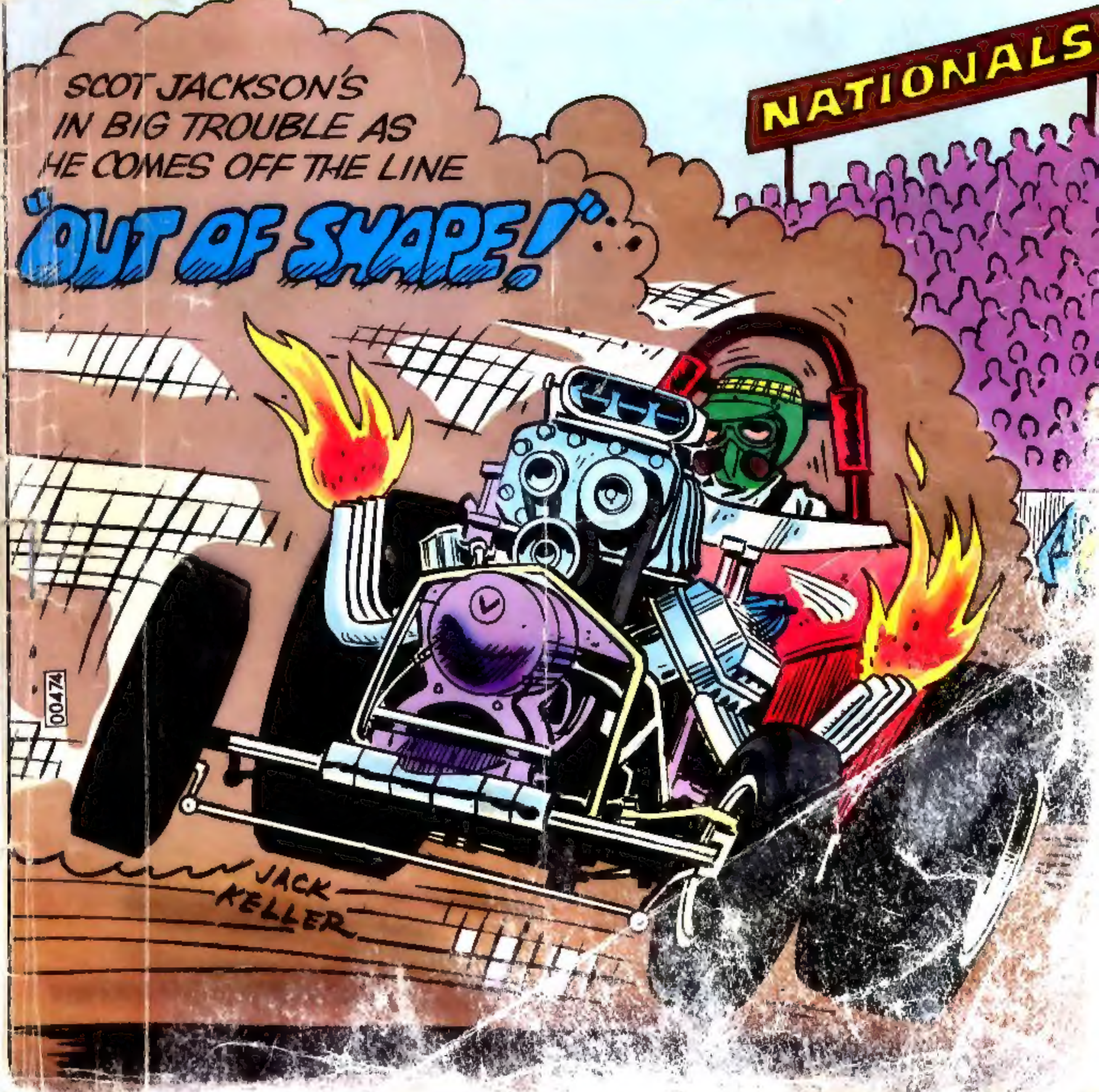
20¢

DRAG 'N' WHEELS

FEATURING Scot Jackson

SCOT JACKSON'S IN BIG TROUBLE AS HE COMES OFF THE LINE

"OUT OF SHAPE!"



THIS IS A CLOSED 3.5 MILE COURSE... IT'S A TWENTY-NINE LAP HUNORED MILE RACE... AND THERE'S $1000 FOR THE SICKLE THAT CROSSES THE LINE FIRST! KEN KING, BROKE AS USUAL, WAS PUSHING HARD.. BUT THE THREE RIDERS WHO WERE POCKETING HIM WEREN'T ABOUT TO LET HIM WIN IF THEY COULD HELP IT! THE LEADER, FU MANN, HAD AN OLD GRUDGE TO SETTLE WITH KEN KING!

PART 1

YUH'RE OUTA THE RACE, KING!

PUT HIM DOWN, CHING!

WIPE-OUT

VVRROOOM

DRAG N' WHEELS

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nomscans

BUMPED ON ONE SIDE AND THEN SMASHED BY THE BEARDED CREEP CALLING HIMSELF FU MANN FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, KEN KING WAS SUDDENLY IN TROUBLE!

GET AWAY, MANN! LOOK OUT, YOU'RE...

VRRROOOOMM

SHUT UP, FINK!

7

THUD

MANN IN FIRST PLACE, CHING LEEDS IS RUNNING SECOND, GLOOEY IS THIRD!

THE OFFICIALS DIDN'T SEE IT...THOSE THREE MANIACS ARE LIABLE TO MAIM OR KILL ANYONE WHO GETS IN THEIR WAY!

THREE LAPS LATER, WHEN KEN KING WAS MAKING UP GROUND ON FU MANN AND HIS GANG, HE HEARD A SICKLE COMING UP FAST BEHIND HIM AND...

...HE'S FROM THE MIAMI CIRCUIT... I FIGURED HE'D BE TOUGH TO BEAT TODAY!

THAT'S MARSH

REB DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT FU MANN AND HIS GOONS! IF HE TRIES TO PASS... HE MAY GET HURT!

KEN KING TURNED HIS THROTTLE AND SCREECHED THROUGH AN S-TURN, SKIDDED OUT OF A 90 DEGREE CORNER, AND MOVED UP BEHIND REBEL MARSH...

MARSH THINKS THEY'LL LET HIM BY...

COME ON, MARSH... YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF ROOM!

GIVE ME RACING ROOM, YOU IDIOT!

TAKE ALL YOU WANT, STUPID...

NICE GOIN', FU!

THEY DELIBERATELY RAN REBEL MARSH OFF THE ROAD!

I HOPE HE'S ALIVE!

SCCRRREEECCHH

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO WAS INVOLVED IN THIS ACCIDENT?

KING RUN REB MARSH OFF THE ROAD! I WAS BEHIND 'EM... I SEEN IT ALL!

HMMM...THIS MAN HAS SUFFERED A SEVERE CONCUSSION!

KEN KING DONE IT! HE'S A KILLER ANYHOW!

YOU'D BETTER STICK AROUND, KING! THE POLICE MAY WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!

KEN KING CLIMBED DOWN TO WHERE THE SOUTHERNER LAID LIFELESSLY ON THE GROUND... HE FELT A PULSE BUT IT WAS WEAK...

IS HE STILL ALIVE?

YES, BUT HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!

SPLAT!

SHUT YOUR LYING MOUTH, CHING!

HOLD IT, BUDDY!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY, KING... AND REMEMBER, ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!

I'M NOT WORRIED! REBEL MARSH WILL TELL YOU THAT FU MANN AND HIS TWO GOONS DID IT!

MAYBE MARSH WILL IDENTIFY SOMEONE, KING ...BUT THEN AGAIN MARSH MY NEVER REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!

AMBULANCE

AT THE FINISH LINE WHERE KEN KING'S STATEMENT WAS TAKEN BY THE FUZZ, KEN KING MET ANOTHER ACCUSER...

YOU...YOU ANIMAL! IF MY HUSBAND DIES I'LL SEE THAT YOU **HANG!**

WAIT A MINUTE, MA'AM! I DIDN'T...

HIT HIM AGAIN, SWEETIE!

LOOK, OFFICER, THIS HOOD NAMED CHING IS BUDDIES WITH TWO OTHERS, ONE OF THEM IS CALLED FU MANN! FU MANN SHOVED MARSH OFF THE ROAD, NOT ME!

WHERE CAN I FIND FU MANN, KING?

THERE HE IS ...HE'S WINNING THE RACE!

WHEN FU MANN CAME TO COLLECT HIS CHECK, KEN KING AND THE FUZZ WERE WAITING...

FU MANN SLAMMED REBEL MARSH OFF THE ROAD, OFFICER! I WAS BEHIND THEM!

IS IT TRUE, MANN?

ASK MARSH...HE'LL TELL YOU HOW KEN KING DROVE LIKE A MANIAC AND SLAMMED HIM INTO THE DITCH! I'LL LET MY FRIEND, REB, CLEAR MY NAME!

HE KNOW'S REB IS UNCONSCIOUS, OFFICER! HE KNOWS REB CAN'T IDENTIFY ANYONE!

NO ARRESTS WERE MADE! REB MARSH WAS IN A COMA IN THE NEAREST HOSPITAL. HIS GRIEVING AND EXPECTANT WIFE BY HIS SIDE! WAITING FOR THE WINNER'S CHECK WHICH WAS BEING HELD UP AT THE REQUEST OF THE POLICE, FU MANN AND HIS PUNKS CAMPED OUTSIDE TOWN...

WHEN WE GIT THE BREAD, FU, I WANT A LITTLE HELP SLAPPIN' THE STUFF OUTA KING! HE LAID A BEAUTY ONTO ME!

I'M GOIN' TO NAIL KING, CHING! THERE'S A FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLAR FEATURE HERE DAY AFTER TOMORROW! WE'RE RUNNIN' IN IT... AND WE'LL WIN *OVER KING'S DEAD BODY!*

STAND UP SLOW, KING! MAKE ONE QUICK MOVE AN' YA GIT YOUR BRAINS SPILLED!

SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF KING'S MIND, HE WONDERED ABOUT THE THIRD GOON! WHERE WAS HE... AND THEN HE FOUND OUT!

HEY, FU... I GOT KEN KING!

NEARBY, KEN KING HEARS IT ALL...

THESE GUYS ARE BAD NEWS...BUT MAYBE I CAN *TRAP* THEM!

ONE THING...WE'D BETTER BE OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT REBEL RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS!

PART 2 COMEBACK

FU MANN'S BUDDY HOLDS A HEAVY WRENCH AND HE'LL SWING IT AT KING. HE SAYS, IF KEN MAKES A MOVE! KEN KING DOESN'T DOUBT IT... HE JUST DOESN'T THINK GOONIE WILL CONNECT! KNOW SOMETHING... HE'S RIGHT!

HOLD 'IM GLOOEY!

SPLAAATT

HOLD THIS, GLOOEY!

DROP IT, UGLY!

I GOT 'IM, LEADER!

THEY'LL BUST ME UP IF I DON'T GET THIS CREEP OFF MY BACK!

JUUNGGGHHH

SPLAAATT!

THOSE THREE ANIMALS OUGHT TO BE KICKED OUT OF SICKLE RACING!

WHAT THEY DID TO REBEL MARSH WAS ROTTEN! I WONDER HOW REB IS...

NEXT MORNING, KEN KING FINDS MRS. MARSH AT THEIR CAMPER...

HOW IS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. MARSH?

HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, THE DOCTORS SAY...

...AND AS SOON AS HE'S CONSCIOUS, I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM PREFER CHARGES OF ATTEMPTED MURDER AGAINST YOU, KEN KING! YOU'RE GOING TO *PRISON* FOR WHAT YOU DID!

MRS. MARSH, YOUR HUSBAND WON'T ACCUSE ME OF WIPIN' HIM OUT! HE'LL TELL YOU FU MANN DID IT!

I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO ADMIT IT, MISTER!

IF MARSH DOESN'T RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS... *I'M IN TROUBLE!*

YOU SURE RUINED YOUNG MARSH WHEN YA RUN HIM OFFA THE ROAD, KING! HE HAD A GOOD CHANCE OF TAKIN' FIRST IN THE TWO FEATURE RACES! THIS BIKE HERE HAS THE SPEED TA TAKE THE $5000 FEATURE TODAY!

HMMM. SURE LOOKS FAST.

MARSH'S KIDS ARE BACK IN GEORGIA AN' HE NEEDED THE CASH HE MIGHT'VE WON HERE TODAY!

HIS BIKE MAY *STILL* COME IN FIRST!

BEFORE ANYONE CAN OBJECT, KEN KING KICKS THE 750 cc ENGINE INTO LIFE AND...

THIS HALF-MILE BANKED TRACK IS PART OF THE CLOSE-COURSE! I'LL WHEEL AROUND THIS FIRST ...SEE HOW MUCH PAZZAZZ IT'S GOT!

VVRRROOOOOOMMMM!

IT'S A SWEET-RUNNING MACHINE! OVER THE HILLY PARTS OF THE COURSE...

KEN RIDING MARSH'S MOTORCYCLE... THEY JUST BEAT THE LAP RECORD BY HALF A SECOND!

GIVE KING ROOM, GLOOEY... WE'LL NAIL HIM LATER!

MOVE OVER, FELLA!

I FIGURE KING IS IN THE RIGHT POSITION... I'LL FIX HIM RIGHT NOW!

THE BLACK DIE IS INJECTING INTO THE CARB RIGHT NOW!

THAT DID IT...

CAN'T SEE.. HIT SOMETHING... I CAN'T GET WIPED OUT NOW!

CLONK

SAVED MYSELF! NOW, I ... OH, OH, HERE COMES THE OTHER ANIMAL!

VVRROOOM

...THIN AIR!

LOCKING BOTH WHEELS AND SIDESLIPPING, KEN KING JUST MISSES CHING'S BIKE.. AND THAT VENGEANCE-MAD RIDER SCREAMS PAST INTO...

VVRRROOOOOOMMM

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

THAT'LL COOL HIM! IT'LL BE EASIER TO TAKE FU MANN NOW!

VVVRRROOOOOOOMM

MY HUSBAND RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, KEN ...HE SAYS FU MANN WRECKED HIM...

HERE'S THE CHECK, MRS. MARSH! I DID IT FOR REB...I'VE GOT THE PURSE MONEY I WON YESTERDAY!

STAYING CLOSE BEHIND MANN WHERE HE CAN WATCH HIM EVERY MINUTE, KEN KING WAITS UNTIL THE FINISHING LAP ON THE BANKED CIRCUIT TO MAKE HIS MOVE AND THEN...

YOU HAD IT, MANN!

VAROOOOOMM

AND WE BOTH WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

SHUCKS, MIZ MARSH ...IT WASN'T MUCH!

FOR ONCE, KEN KING LEAVES A MEET WITH ONLY GOOD MEMORIES ..BUT HE ISN'T SMILING AS HE ONCE MORE TAKES TO THE LONG AND LONELY ROAD HE'S CHOSEN TO TRAVEL! REBEL MARSH HAS A WIFE... HE'S NOT LONELY... THESE ARE KEN KING'S THOUGHTS NOW!

END

scot IN jackson

OUT OF SHAPE

THE **INDY NATIONALS** IS DRAG RACING AT ITS BEST! ALL THE TOP CARS AND DRIVERS ARE ATTRACTED TO THIS ANNUAL EVENT.. THE REWARDS ARE **HIGH**. BUT SO ARE THE **DANGERS**! NO CLASS IS MORE TREACHEROUS THAN THE DOUBLE A ALTEREDS WITH THEIR HIGH, STUBBY BODIES AND MASSIVE **FIRE BREATHIN' MILLS**!

SCOT JACKSON COMES OFF THE LINE FIRST, BUT HE'S HAVING A TRACTION PROBLEM... THE BACK END IS OUT OF SHAPE AND SLIDING TOWARD THE LEFT!

BRAAKK

I CAN STRAIGHTEN HER OUT BY BACKING OFF, BUT THAT LOSES **TIME**! I'M GOING TO TRY AND **POWER** THRU THIS SKID!

by JACK KELLER

D-1986

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

SCOT'S GAMBLE PROVES A COSTLY ONE, AS THE TAIL-END JERKS AROUND VIOLENTLY AND THE ALTERED BEGINS TO **FLIP!**

TOO LATE TO **BACK OFF** NOW!

THE CAR **ROLLS** AND A FRONT WHEEL IS **TORN** FROM THE HOUSING!

THEN, THE FRAGILE FRAME **BREAKS** IN **TWO** AS IT SLAMS **HARD** AGAINST THE ASPHALT!

MAN, SCOT WAS LESS THAN HALF WAY DOWN THE STRIP BUT HE **BROKE** 'ER IN **TWO!**

THINGS LOOK **BAD**, I MEAN **REAL BAD!**

I-I'M SCARED!

LATER, A GRIM LOOKING DOCTOR CONFRONTS SCOT'S APPREHENSIVE FRIENDS...

DOC! HOW'S SCOT? HE (GULP) ISN'T D---?

C'MON, 'DOC, YOU GOTTA TELL US...

OKAY, I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU BOYS... SCOT WAS UNINJURED EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT BRUISE AT HIS TEMPLE... BUT HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS WHEN HE WAS REMOVED FROM THE CAR... HE'S FULLY CONSCIOUS NOW, BUT I'M STILL WORRIED...

WHY?

SCOT SAYS HE HAS ANOTHER CAR ENTERED IN THE COMPETITION AND INSISTS ON DRIVING TODAY... I THINK THIS IS ***MOST*** UNWISE, AS HE MAY HAVE SUFFERED A CONCUSSION AND FURTHER TESTS SHOULD BE MADE...

FORGET IT, DOC, I TOLD YOU I FEEL ***FINE!***

AFTER TOTALING OUT IN THE ALTERED I'VE ***GOT*** TO GRAB SOME BIG PRIZE MONEY IN TOP FUEL TO COVER OUR LOSSES... IT'S SIMPLE, I MUST RACE, WE NEED THE ***BREAD!***

YOU COULD ***BLACKOUT*** AGAIN!

THE DOCTOR PLEADS, BUT SCOT IS DETERMINED AND 20 MINUTES LATER HE IS SUITED UP AND READY FOR HIS FIRST ELIMINATION RUN...

SCOT, YOU HEARD WHAT THE DOC SAID... DON'T ***DO IT,*** THE RISK IS ***TOO GREAT!***

KNOCK IT OFF, YOU SOUND LIKE A MOTHER!

3 MA/FD

ON THE LINE, SCOT TENSES AS THE AMBER LIGHTS BEGIN THEIR SEQUENCE...

I'M OKAY, EVERYBODY ***WORRIES*** TOO MUCH!

THE GREEN FLASHES AND THE KIRK BROS. RIG **BOLTS** OFF THE LINE!

SCOT REACTS SLOWLY AND FINDS HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF A **HOLE-SHOT!**

I LEFT THAT LINE LIKE A RANK **AMATEUR**... MY REFLEXES SEEM SHOT!

DEFEAT SEEMS CERTAIN FOR SCOT, WHEN SUDDENLY, THE MILL ON THE KIRK BROS. RIG DISINTEGRATES!

SCOT, HARD ON THE LOUD PEDAL, SHOOTS BY THE DISABLED CAR FOR THE WIN...

VROOM

JACKSON

SCOT, YOU CAME OFF THAT LINE LIKE YOU WERE DRIVIN' A **TANK!** FACE THE FACTS, MAN, YOU'RE **NOT** YOURSELF!

YOU LUCKED THRU THAT LAST RUN, BUT **QUIT** WHILE YOU'RE STILL IN **ONE PIECE!**

NOW, IF THE SERMONS ARE OVER, POUR IN THE 'JUICE'. I'VE GOT ANOTHER RUN TO MAKE...

OKAY, WHAT'S THE USE -- YOU'RE BOUND AND DETERMINED...

OOOH-**BOY!** MY HEAD FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S INSIDE BANGIN' AWAY WITH A **SLEDGE HAMMER!** MUSN'T LET THE OTHERS KNOW!

NEXT RUN, SCOT MEETS REX RONDO'S RED HOT FUELIE...

RONDO POSTED A 6.82 E.T., SECOND BEST TIME FOR THIS MEET...

JACKSON SEEMS SLOW TODAY, RONDO WILL WIN EASILY...

*THE GREEN LIGHTS CLICK ON, SCOT BARRELS OFF THE LINE, BUT RONDO'S FORD JUST **SITS** THERE WITH A **DEAD ENGINE!***

SCOT HAS MIRACULOUSLY WON 2 RUNS, NOW HE HAS ONE MORE TO GO, BUT IT WILL BE HIS TOUGHEST CHALLENGE OF THE DAY... HE MUST MEET THE REAR ENGINED DIGGER OF **BIG RED DUNBAR**, THE DEFENDING CHAMPION...

BIG RED WILL EAT HIM UP!

THE AMBERS FLASH ON AND OFF AND SCOT WAITS...

MY EYES SEE EVERYTHING IN A **BLUR**... GOT TO FIGHT IT OFF... **GOTTA WIN!**

GREEN IN BOTH LANES! THEY'RE OFF!

VROOM

CHRONICEK

I--I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SCOT **BEAT** BIG RED OFF THE LINE!

HE'S GOT HALF A CAR LENGTH LEAD! **C'MON, SCOT!**

HALFWAY MARK, THEIR POSITIONS REMAIN THE SAME!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

THINGS ARE GROWIN' DARK... **CAN'T** BLACK OUT, NOW... GOTTA HOLD ON... **GOTTA** WIN...

SCOT'S RIG EDGES ACROSS THE FINISH LINE FIRST! THEN, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENS!

OOOOOOHHH...

OH NO! SCOT'S RIG IS OUT OF CONTROL! HE'S CROSSING THE MEDIAL STRIPE! HE'LL **CRASH** INTO BIG RED!

SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY THE MIRACLE HAPPENS... SCOT'S DRAG CHUTE **OPENS!**

THE CHUTE STOPS THE HURTLING BOMB AND DISASTER IS AVERTED BY INCHES...

JACKSON

LATER...

YOU **DID IT**, YOU CRAZY, WONDERFUL MJG, BUT TELL US, HOW DID YOU EVER POP THAT CHUTE?

WHEN I FELT MYSELF GOING OUT, I MADE A LUNGE FOR THE D-RING, LUCKILY, I MADE IT...

MAN, YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN...

END

THE CORLEY 1902 CAR

The sign at Seventh and Main read: "Sam's Car Emporium. We sell your car at the best price." There were all kinds of cars on that lot. And in all kinds of conditions. There was a large shack which served as an office for Sam Nadel and his secretary, Mrs. Elsie Blau. There was a knock on the door and Sam yelled a ffiendly "Come in. It's open."

A young man in his early twenties entered and smiled. He had a problem.

"My uncle died last month. I am his heir. Left me money, a house and a car. I want to sell the car."

"Name and year," said Sam. "Condition I'll find out later."

"It really is an antique. A Corley 1902 two cylinder car. Made in England by Charles Corley. I understand only about twenty of them were made."

"Antiques I don't sell - cars or any other kind. But I do have a special deal. Bring the car here. You pay me one dollar a day for open storage."

The next day a big truck stopped in front of the car lot. Two heavy set men unloaded a car that seemed right out of a long forgotten era. The polished brass lamps struck you at once. The car looked almost new. They pushed it onto a space on the lot. Then the young man - by name of Frank Walters - went into the office. He signed the agreement: A dollar a day charge. Ten per cent commission on sale. Sam Nadel not responsible for any damage done to car.

"If you get me about five hundred dollars top, I will grab it," said the young man.

The car rested comfortably on the lot for two days. On the third day a middle aged man came up to Sam Nadel.

"I don't believe what I saw. An authentic Corley 1902 car. And it looks almost new. Why it must be priceless. Last one I saw was in London several years ago. You couldn't buy it for under $20,000."

At the sum of money, the ears of Sam Nadel became attentive.

"I checked it out in the registry book. Can't find it. What do you know about it?"

"Only that an eccentric English millionaire who was an inventor built just twenty of them to give as presents to his friends. I think outside of this one, only two are in existence," said the man.

"Want to buy it?" questioned the car lot owner. "Give you a bargain in it."

"I don't have that kind of money," sighed the stranger. "But I have a friend who has a lot of money. You may have heard of him. Professor John Whitmore, of State University, and head of the Automotive Department."

"Bring him around," were the friendly words. "Maybe we can make a deal."

And three days later, the stranger and the Professor arrived. Who checked the car carefully, and then made an offer.

"Fifteen thousand dollars. I will have the money for you next week. Meanwhile I will give you $100 for an option on it to be certain you don't sell it."

Sam Nadel couldn't hardly believe his luck. His secretary made out the papers and he was now richer by a grand. And then somehow greed went into his soul. He looked for the phone number he thought Frank Walters had left. But couldn't find it. For the next two days he was on pins and needles. Then the young man showed up.

"I'll have a truck here this afternoon later to pick up the car. I have decided to give it to the Smithsonian Institute."

"You get nothing from them. I would like to keep it here. Make it into an advertising gimmick," explained Sam Nadel.

By the time he was through talking he had parted with four thousand dollars in cash from his safe. But now he had title to the car. The days dragged on. When the Professor didn't show up, he called the State University. No such Professor there. And no such department either. Sweat appeared on Sam's head as slowly he realized he had been taken. A quick phone call brought Police Chief Daniel McMahon there. Who admitted this was a new one on him.

"If we only had pictures, we might do something," he said.

"We do have pictures," smiled Mrs. Elsie Blau," When we cash checks we take pictures. So by habit I have pictures for you."

••••••••

scot IN jackson

NO WHEELS

HEY, *CAL!* YOU GOT YOUR *NEW MERC CYCLONE!* IT'S REALLY *CLEAN!* HOW ABOUT A *RIDE*, MAN?

ZIGGY, I KNEW YOU'D COME BUGGIN' ME FOR A *FREE* RIDE! WELL, I AIN'T RUNNIN' NO *TAXI* SERVICE...

BUT YOU SAID IF I HELPED YOU FIX UP YOUR OLD CAR SO'S YOU COULD SELL IT, YOU'D LET ME RIDE IN YOUR MERC!

I SAID! I *SAID!* I DON'T REMEMBER PROMISING *YOU* NOTHIN', ZIGGY! NOW, *FLAKE OFF, MAN!*

MOMENTS LATER, CAL AND MATTY COLDREN TAKE OFF, LEAVING ZIGGY BEHIND...

MAN, THAT ZIGGY IS ONE MISERABLE PEST... ALWAYS BUGG.N' SOMEBODY FOR A *RIDE!*

*COUGH*COUGH* HE PROMISED, HE REALLY DID...

VROOM

by JACK KELLER

1

RATS! EVERYONE'S GOT WHEELS EXCEPT ME... I WISH I HAD A CAR OF MY OWN, BUT NO CHANCE, I'M ONLY 16 AND STILL GOIN' TO SCHOOL... GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO WALK...

MAYBE NOT! THERE'S PETE PEMBROOKE ABOUT TO GET IN HIS '70 MONTE CARLO... I WASHED AND POLISHED IT FOR HIM LAST WEEK, NO CHARGE... HE SURE OWES ME A RIDE...

PETE, BABY, WAIT UP! IT'S YOUR PAL, ZIGGY! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', MAN?

TO BAKERSFIELD...

BAKERSFIELD, THE FUELIE DRAGS! MAN, THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY, YOU KNOW HOW I DIG THE DRAGS...

ZIGGY HALTS IN HIS TRACKS AS HE FINDS THE RIGHT FRONT SEAT OCCUPIED...

(GULP) A GIRL, I-I'M SORRY, MISS, I DIDN'T SEE YOU SITTING THERE!

OBVIOUSLY!

GEE, PETE, I HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD A DATE, SORRY!

GET LOST, THREE'S A CROWD...

ZIGGY TOLSON THINKS I SHOULD ALWAYS HAUL HIM AROUND, WHAT NERVE...

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER WITH THAT LITTLE CREEP...

A GUY WITHOUT WHEELS IS NOTHIN'... A NOBODY 'THAT NO ONE WANTS TO BE BOTHERED WITH... AND THAT DESCRIPTION FITS ME TO A TEE...

SUDDENLY ZIGGY'S ATTITUDE CHANGES AS HE SPOTS -- A CAR!

MAN! DIG THAT. CRAZY BUGGY!

MAN, THIS IS REALLY A BEAUTIFUL SET OF WHEELS... THIS INTERIOR IS *OUT OF SIGHT!* I JUST GOTTA SIT BEHIND THE WHEEL!

BRUMM! BRUMM! BRUMM! MAN, I'M REALLY LIVIN'!

HAVING *FUN* KID?

OKAY, *OUT!*

(GULP) SORRY, SIR, I WAS JUST PRETENDIN' TO DRIVE... I WOULDN'T *SWIPE* IT, HONEST!

OKAY, KID, I BELIEVE YOU, SO WE'LL FORGET THE WHOLE MATTER...

GEE, ***THANKS***, MISTER... I'LL GO NOW... ***HEY!*** WAIT A MINUTE, I RECOGNIZE ***YOU!*** YOU'RE ***SCOT JACKSON!***

MAN, YOU'RE MY ***IDOL!*** I'VE SEEN YOU AT BAKERSFIELD LOTS OF TIMES AND YOU'RE THE ***GREATEST!***

SOMEDAY I WANT TO BE JUST LIKE YOU, DRIVIN' IN COMPETITION CARS... BUT MY FAMILY'S POOR AND I HAVEN'T ANY BREAD OF MY OWN TO BUY EVEN A JUNKER... I-I GUESS I'LL ***NEVER*** HAVE A CAR OF MY OWN... MY LIFE'S A MESS...

NEVER'S A LONG TIME, WHY DON'T YOU GET AN AFTER SCHOOL JOB? DO YOU HAVE ANY AUTOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE?

I ATTEND AUTO-MECHANIC CLASSES AT VO-TECH...

GOOD, I WORK AT MEYERS' GARAGE... PERHAPS MR. MEYERS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU...

REALLY? THAT WOULD BE ***GREAT!***

ZIGGY REPORTED EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE MEYERS' CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH AGENCY SERVICE DEPT....

YOUR JOB WILL BE MOSTLY CLEAN-UPS AT FIRST... BUT WATCH JACKSON AND MCHORN... THEY CAN TEACH YOU A LOT...

I SURE WILL, AND THANKS A LOT, MR. MEYERS...

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

ZIGGY WORKS HARD AND SOON PROGRESSES FROM CLEAN-UPS TO MINOR SERVICE JOBS...

WORKIN' ON CARS IS **GREAT!** I REALLY **LOVE** IT!

YOU'RE DOIN' A GOOD JOB, ZIGGY! NICE GOIN'!

WEEKS LATER...

MR. MEYERS IS A GREAT GUY TO WORK FOR! HE JUST GAVE ME ANOTHER RAISE!

HE TREATS US ALL WELL... HE ALSO SPONSORS OUR RACING EQUIPMENT... WITHOUT HIS FINANCIAL BACKING, IT WOULD BE TOUGH TO COMPETE...

SCOT, I'VE SAVED UP A COUPLE OF HUNDRED DOLLARS AND I'D LIKE TO BUY A CAR... I WONDER IF YOU KNOW OF ANY GOOD BUYS?

HMMM... MATTER OF FACT I DO... LES CROWLY'S BEEN CALLED UP FOR SERVICE AND HIS CAR MIGHT BE JUST RIGHT FOR YOU...

DON'T LET THE **LOOKS** FOOL YOU! MECHANICALLY, THIS '56 FORD IS PERFEGT... AND IT'S GOT A '64 CHRYSLER MILL, FULL HOUSE UNDER THE HOOD...

COOL! LET'S TALK TO LES AND MAKE A **DEAL!**

BLOW HORN TO OPEN

SERVICE

217

ZIGGY FINANCES A DEAL AND THE FOLLOWING DAY HE HAS WHEELS OF HIS OWN, **AT LAST!**

MAN, I CAN'T **WAIT** TILL I CAN SHOW MY CAR TO PETE AND CAL... HEY! THERE THEY ARE!

MARKET

THRU STOP TRAFFIC

HOW DO YOU LIKE *MY* WHEELS?

ELICCHH! THAT OIL BURNER IS WHEELS? WHO ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

LOOKS LIKE ZIGGY RAIDED THE *JUNK YARD!*

IT *MOVES*, MAN, DON'T RILE ME OR I'LL PUT YOU BOTH DOWN...

THAT CLUNKER, MOVE? IT COULDN'T HIT *SO* UNLESS YOU DROPPED IT OFF A CLIFF!

C'MON, THE STRIP IS OPEN! *LET'S DRAG!*

MAN, THIS IS GONNA BE MURDER!

ZIGGY STARTLES HIS TWO OPPONENTS BY BEATING THEM OFF THE LINE!

SCOT TOLD ME THIS IS WHERE MOST DRAGS ARE WON!

BUT THEIR EYES REALLY BUGGED AND THEIR JAWS SAGGED AS ZIGGY LOST THEM ON THE TOP END!

WOW! ZIGGY MADE US LOOK *SICK!*

VROOM

HEY, ZIGGY, OLD BUDDY, YOU REALLY PUT US DOWN! IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, *JOIN* EM, I SAY! WELCOME TO THE CLUB!

HOW ABOUT A *RIDE?*

RIDE? *FORGET IT!* I'M GOIN' BACK TO MY *REAL* FRIENDS! EAT MY *DUST*, CREEPS!

*COUGH*COUGH! WHAT AN INGRATE!

YEAH,*COUGH! AND AFTER ALL WE DID FOR HIM!

END